

UNCLE SAM IS TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE FARMER'S LIFE DEMANDS

INVESTIGATION of farm home life by the department of agriculture is bringing out letters from farm wives all over the country. Montana and Texas, Maine and California, show a deep unrest that makes for better days on the farm. But the theories for righting things range from asking Uncle Sam to provide domestic science experiment stations throughout the land where experts could demonstrate correct cooking, nursing, baby tending, sewing and laundry work—which is not a bad idea—to asking the government to do away with fashions so that woman's dressing would be easier and less expensive—which is also a fine plan. They ask for cheaper denatured alcohol and cheaper medicines and medical services. Some ask the government to sell electric power to farmers so that the wife can have lights and run her separators, churns, washing machines, and sweepers more easily. They ask for model farm houses of four rooms and up; they ask for farm houses to be built with the kitchen in front so the woman can see what is going on, and with a wash room in the vestibule where the men can "red up" before coming into the kitchen. They ask for telephones, for the abolishment of quick medicines, and the suppression of the use of opium.

A woman out in Dakota asks only for trees; she thinks she could make everything else come out all right if the government would only give her trees that would grow. Other women ask for a public hall or meeting house, and many ask for women's rights in the property, in the profits and savings, and in the facilities for working.

One woman in the middle west mildly tells Uncle Sam to mind his own business—that she is all right and happy and comfortable and willing to do her part of the farm work, raise the children, cook, keep the garden and the chickens, make the butter, clean the house and mend and bake and brew. But contrariwise a Maine woman begs her governmental uncle to make a law by which the man is not necessarily the monarch of the farm, even if he is insane or criminal or feeble and doddering. She says many of the out-of-the-way New England farms are managed by such men, with capable women in serfdom.

So it goes. But the fact that farm women are so alive to their own problems shows that they are on the way to curing them. Electricity, the telephone, the postoffice with its rural free delivery, the newspapers, and the women's clubs have for a generation been helping the farm wife out of her slough of despondency. The agricultural department is late on the scene.

Tracking a Word To Its Lair

Word hunters have tracked the word "shool" in the nonsense song "Shool, shool, shool I rool," which our grandmothers crooned to their babies and which always quite delighted the extremely young—they have tracked it back to Nantucket, where it is occasionally used with meaning to saunter or idle along, to loiter happily but lazily. Back of that is a trail to Smollett, who uses it more as we use the word tramp, suggesting idleness, begging and small pilfering together with lary getting about. "Rooll" means restless.

It is a surprise to find the words meaning anything. Most of us thought them made of nonsense, sounds which lent themselves to the tune and had no other idea. The word collector and hunter has as fine adventure and sport as any collector. Apparently blind trails will often take a twist back to the days of knights and castles, back to fairies and ogres, and back along dimmer trails into the mystery of the beginning of days.

A Washington man has pledged 30c towards a fund to teach George Bernard Shaw history.

A Mistake In Human Grinders

The dentist is not a very optimistic creature, when he assures you that the tooth is bound to hurt whether he pulls it out, lets it stay in, or whatever he does. As a matter of fact it will hurt if he never touches it. People who endure every other kind of pain and suspense and trouble are as scary as a wild horse, when they take a seat in the red velvet chair with a slippery foot rest and electric drill tortures hanging near like snakes. It is not surprising to find that any assembly of dentists proclaims that the world's teeth are getting worse, particularly American teeth.

Teeth are the most pessimistic end of the optimistic man. They baffle the most ardent Christian Scientist or New Thinker, they scare the bravest general. Teeth search out a weak point of pessimism in the strongest; entrenchments of optimism, and they make the most ardent and faithful believer in providence protest that one mistake was made when the world was made: human teeth ought to be renewable like a rat's or shark's.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

A just judge is beyond price.—Socorro (N. M.) Chief.

Nothing as eloquent as the silence of Col. Roosevelt has been heard in some time.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) News.

Graft isn't American or English or Russian or of any other nationality. It's a falling of humanity.—Kansas City Star.

Of course if the Villa soldiers insist upon shooting into Brownsville, Texas, we shall be compelled to move the town.—Los Angeles Times.

New York state senators, in voting down a recall measure, are strictly in accord with the safety-first movement.—Philadelphia North American.

A sophomore orator said the other night that the progressive party was a divine discontent. Move to amend by striking out the adjective.—Pasadena (Cal.) News.

The city of Santa Fe has raised the biggest part of the 1915 that will be spent this year in advertising the climatological and historical attractions of the Ancient City and is about to start upon a modern campaign of publicity. Some sense to that. As in the case of Silver City, Tucson, Denning and many other points, it is just like irrigated farming; the result is known in advance.—Roswell (N. M.) News.

Lobbyists Are Modest Men Who Help To Make Legislators See Their Error

BY GEORGE FITCH.

A LOBBYIST is a quiet man who takes a legislator aside, out of the draught and gives him some eloquent arguments for or against a bill. There are many kinds of lobbyists and they use many kinds of arguments. Some of them endeavor to enlighten the legislator; some try to frighten him; and some make every effort to remove his wife and children from the reach of want. Strange to say, the latter is the most unpopular of the three with the people. Why should a great and generous nation frown upon a noble-hearted lobbyist who is trying to crowd a war of hundred dollar bills into the pocket of a legislator, when he isn't looking? Think of the poor statesmen who have plodded wearily home at night, having had only eleven kinds of claret for lunch and who find when taking off their overcoat, that some benefactor has stuffed the said pockets so full of bills that they can afford only to take two weeks off in a big city at the best hotel, but will have enough left for a can of beans for the children!

It is a wonder that such legislators make every effort to discover the

will make him happier? And yet an ill-natured nation frowns upon this gratitude and stuffs the legislator into a badly ventilated jail, while the benefactor fails to get his money back and has to eke out a living, lecturing on the sacrifice of legislating against business! Some states are very severe with lobbyists. They make them wear red hats and green neckties, so that people will not mistake them for philanthropists or missionaries and forbid them to enter the state capitol. It would be better, if every lobbyist should be compelled to wear legislators only in the rotunda of the state capitol, accompanied by a brass band. Nothing is so embarrassing to certain brands of lobbyists as to be compelled to do business while the world is looking on. It sums up his eloquence until his money can hardly talk at all. Lawmakers need a great deal of information and would be in a sad way if the people did not stray into our capitals and post them up occasionally. But some lobbyists are too modest and retiring. They cannot talk to a lawmaker until they get him into a hotel room, and have him a blasted over the transom. Modesty is a great curse in politics.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the Alarm Clock"

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

Copyright, 1915, the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" went the getting up alarm clock in the hollow stump bungalow of Uncle Wiggly Longears, the rabbit gentleman. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "I didn't know it was time to get up yet. Why, it seems as if I just came to bed!"

But in the next room he heard Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzey, the muskrat lady housekeeper, sitting around the stove. "I'll be ready for breakfast in a little while," Uncle Wiggly called, as he began dressing.

"Aw—am—all right," said Nurse Jane, trying to speak and yawn at the same time, which is quite difficult to do—almost as hard as standing on your head and peeling a bag of potatoes. "I didn't think it was time to get up yet," went on Nurse Jane.

"Nor I," said Uncle Wiggly, "but the alarm clock rang."

And when he and Nurse Jane came downstairs, why it was hardly daylight. None of the other animals were up, and even Mr. Cook A. Goodie, the rooster gentleman, who-crowed to awaken all the farm people—even he had not come out of his coop.

"Well," Uncle Wiggly exclaimed, "I guess our clock must be fast and ahead of time. I'm going to see about it."

So he did, and Nurse Jane, also, had a little more sleep before it was time to really get breakfast.

But the next morning the same thing happened. The alarm clock went off too early again, and Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane arose before the star had stopped twinkling like the rabbit gentleman's nose.

"There is no use talking about it," Uncle Wiggly said, "our clock is all wrong. It doesn't tell the right time. I'll fix it."

"What will you do to it?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Why, I'll take it apart, clean it, and put it together again so it will go properly."

"But can you fix a clock?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Well," replied Uncle Wiggly as he tied a shoe lace around his left ear so as not to forget to buy some peppermint candies when he went to the five and nine cent store. "I never have tinkered with a clock. But I can fix my automobile when the German bologna sausage fires need pepper sprinkled on them to make them so fat, and I can eat lollypops when I go up in my clothesbasket airship. So I think I can make this alarm clock over so it will keep better time."

"Well, I certainly hope," spoke Nurse Jane. "It is no fun getting up in the middle of the night by mistake."

Uncle Wiggly started to fix the clock. He took off the face and Nurse Jane washed it with soap and suds. Then the rabbit gentleman took off the hands of the clock and put them carefully away where they couldn't tickle him and make him laugh when he began to take out the wheels.

Next Uncle Wiggly took the insides out of the clock and he was looking at the different wheels, wondering which one he had better fix first, when all of a sudden—

"Zip! Bang!"

Something flew out of the clock and struck Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzey on the end of her nose.

"My goodness!" cried the muskrat lady. "What was that?"

"I rather think," said Uncle Wiggly, slowly like and surprised, "I rather think that was the spring from the clock."

There was no doubt about it, for a moment later, after bouncing from Nurse Jane's nose, the coiled spring—tiny-spring bounced up in the air, and came down right between Uncle Wiggly's ears.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, in great surprise. "My goodness sakes!"

"You may well say that," spoke Nurse Jane.

"Look out!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "Here it comes again!"

The spring sprang up off his ears, coiling, twisting and turning, and this time it bounced out in the kitchen and up against the new, shiny tin dishpan which Uncle Wiggly had bought at the ten cent store.

"Zing! Zang! Sling!" went the spring on the dishpan like a kettle drum.

"Well, what will it do next?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

He soon found out, for the jump spring sailed in from the kitchen, came straight for the rabbit gentleman again, sailed around his legs, and down he

ABE MARTIN



Th' war news continues t' be sub rosa or sub marine. What chance has th' plain people when th' ayes have it?

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald of this date 1901.

The mule and the "toy" car are doomed. Not for long will the El Paso citizens have to experience the sense of humiliation and mortification in having to account to the ancient visitor for the presence of such ancient transportation in this progressive city. It has been said that it never rains but it pours, and another instance of the truth in that saying can be found in this matter of electric car systems, for not only is there a certainty of one spring coiled from his legs, gave him a little tickle in the ribs and bounced towards Nurse Jane.

She screamed and tried to run away and hide, but the spring was too quick for her. It coiled around her tail and pulled her down. And then that clock spring just bounced here, there, everywhere, upstairs and downstairs, knocking chairs over and pictures off the walls, and out on the porch it also bounced. Uncle Wiggly tried to get the spring and put it back in the clock again, but he could not. It kept jumping and uncoiling away from him all the while.

Finally, the clock spring gave a big bounce, like a girl jumping rope pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar all at once, and the spring tickled Uncle Wiggly under the chin and made him sneeze: "Aker-choo! Aker-shoo-ker-choo!" sneezed the rabbit gentleman, and then the spring bounced into the fireplace, flew out of the chimney of the hollow stump bungalow house, and was never seen again. It may be falling yet for all I know.

"Well, I'm glad it's gone," said Uncle Wiggly, happy like.

"So am I," spoke Nurse Jane, as she looked at the upset room. "But what will we do for an alarm clock?"

"Mr. Cook A. Goodie, the rooster gentleman, can crow us awake," said Uncle Wiggly. "And after that the rooster gentleman did, so this teaches us that even a clock's face may need washing, and in the next story I will tell you about Uncle Wiggly and the spring flowers—that is, if the pudding stick doesn't come out of the lollypop and tickle the goldfish so it sneezes itself into the bathtub."

Linked Wedding Spoons Form Freakish Feature Of Norwegian Marriage: They Signify Unity

A CURIOUS article in use among the Norwegian people is the wedding spoon, which is used at the marriage feast which follows the wedding ceremony," said Miss Anna Reynolds, former world secretary of the Young Women's Christian association. "This consists of two spoons cut from a single piece of wood, and elaborately carved, connected by a chain of elaborately carved links of wood. The bride and husband eat from these connected utensils which are supposed to symbolize the unity of matrimony."

"Every foot of construction on the new high school building is being watched with the greatest interest by the students of the El Paso high school," said principal A. H. Egger. "The need of the new high school was deeply felt by the students last year and their effort to make the needed new building a reality so sincere that interest taken in the erection of the new building not only among the present students of the school but among the grade pupils as well is extraordinary."

"I look for an unusually active real estate market in El Paso this summer," said H. W. Broadbent. "The country is beginning to recover from the financial depression brought on by the European war and money is confident now. El Paso always has had faith in herself and has fared better than most cities since the business depression commenced. When fall comes I think there will be enough business around

here to keep all the real estate dealers in El Paso on the jump."

"El Paso is not only a 'lazer,' but also a cover and I want to see her get a new federal building that will not be a discredit to her," said federal judge Henry D. Clayton as he sat on the bench during the Rogers' trial. "I'm afraid I can't let any more people come in here. The room is too crowded. Now when you get a new federal building here, I should like it seen to that the courtroom is large enough to accommodate a fair sized crowd. This room here is laughable. It's uncomfortable."

Oakland, Calif., had a police benefit scheme a few years ago which might be suitable here," declared S. S. Mott. "I am not sure what system prevails there now, but in the old days the policemen had a police benefit association to which every member of the force paid dues. The city augmented the money received for dues by a substantial grant every year. I believe the amount ran from \$1000 to \$2500. Every year a policeman's field day was held at Idora park and usually netted a large sum. Out of these funds the association paid sick and injury benefits, but whenever funds were shy, a small levy was made on all members of the association. The firemen in some cities have adopted a similar scheme."

"El Paso has enjoyed a very good trade with Mexico since the troublous times in that country, but the mor-

chanta would much prefer to see peace restored," said Michael Guseber, an Austrian. "Trade that fluctuates as conditions change is less to be desired than a trade that comes from a condition of steady development. Undisturbed by sudden uprisings, peace in Mexico will result in far better conditions for El Paso merchants for we realize that with peace will come a more stable Mexican currency and a trade that will increase as the country develops."

"Eight months of El Paso climate, together with the excellent care of a local physician, has cured me and I am returning to Denison a well man," said R. G. Yeager. "El Paso's sunshine contains wonderful curative properties even for one not suffering from lung or throat troubles, as has been demonstrated in my case, and I recommend this section to anyone who is run down. And it is not all due to sunshine, either, for the hospitality of the people and the many attractions that tend to divert one's mind from his troubles play an important part."

"The action of the county commissioners in awarding to one architect the plans for the new county courthouse has resulted in one good thing," said S. E. Patton. "It has brought the architects of El Paso together in harmony in a way that we never realized could be done. An architects club or association has been discussed and talked of for many years, but until we believed we had a mutual interest it was impossible to get them all together. Now we have an association with a strong membership. We hold meetings each week and have luncheons once each week."

King George To Visit Royal Dockyards; Will Try To Surprise Men

London, Eng., April 24.—King George hopes soon to pay a series of visits to the royal dockyards and will begin with Portsmouth. He is anxious to see the construction and repair work that is now being carried out for the navy, but there is a special reason for his visit to Portsmouth, which it is not permitted to make public. He has likewise expressed a desire recently to see how work for the fleet is progressing in several of the private dockyards that were taken over by the government at the commencement of the war. All these visits will be private in their character, and will be in the nature of a surprise; not even will the heads of the various yards be previously informed that his majesty is about to inspect them.

British Firm Urged To Enlarge Ship Yards Near La Plata in Argentina

London, Eng., April 24.—The Argentine government is negotiating with Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., of Barrow, to induce them to enlarge their yard at Rio Santiago, near La Plata. At present this establishment is unable to produce vessels of more than 1000 tons deadweight capacity, but if the Argentine government gives the British firm, as is proposed, contracts for 10 large transporters, the necessary extensions to their yard will be effected and it will be possible then to build steamers up to 15,000 tons.

EUGENICS GIVE A PARTY



Pasadena, Calif., April 24.—Robert Bonner, the 100 percent perfect eugenic baby, was host to a party of 95 percent perfect babies at his home here. Reading down, the children shown in the picture are: Virginia Lymestoff, 4 years and 6 months old; Elmer Brown, 3 years and 6 months; Marian McDougall, 2 years and 8 months; Dotty England, 15 months; Robert Bonner, 16 months; and Shirley May Walter, 8 months.

Art Treasures Removed From Alsace to Metz by Germans, Say Reports

Paris, France, April 24.—Reports have been received from the parts of Alsace occupied by the French that the Germans have transferred to Metz all objects of art they have found in cities that have been or still are occupied by them in France and Alsace. The objects dating from the 16th century were, it is stated, taken from Hattenschapel and Ebersheim, some of them important statuary groups by Richier. At the foot of Hartmannsweilerkopf, taken by the French, they are reported to have assembled, paintings, sculptures and tapestries of the Renaissance, including notably the celebrated "Crested"

denance" by Hugues Sambin. These objects belong to the estate of the Spitz family of French nationality. Many rare porcelains were also taken. All these articles were duly inventoried by professor Jahnke, before they were removed.

It is also reported that the "Crested," painted in 1500 by Groenewald, which was the jewel of the Colmar museum, has also been removed.

A Fond Farewell

GOOD by for a season, old furnace, my lad; you kept us from freesein' when weather was bad; your rest, till November, you've certainly earned; I'll always remember the coal you have burned. Rest there in the cellar, oh, furnace, and rust, forgetting the feller you filled with disgust, forgetting the mountains of coal you required, forgetting the fountains of soaps you inspired. You cooled my soul twinges too fierce to relate, dashed out your old hinges, doggone your old grate! I told like six dragons to keep you in coal, the coal dealer's wagons forever did roll, out here to my palace, the basement to fill; I busted my gallex to square up the bill; for weeks did I scupper to heat up the flat, confound your old damper and cheap thermostat! Oh, rest till the autumn, down there in your den, and then your old bottom I'll shake up again; I'll claw at the clinkers and paw at the slate, and cuss like the tinkers—till then you may wait.

(Copyright by George M. Adams. WALT MASON.

